

Students To Raise \$2,500 For Ambulance

Word Tourney in Con. Hall Friday Evening

VISITING TEAM



Debater Fouks



Debater Bonner

Debaters: On Guard!

ARTHUR FOUKS

Fourth year Commerce student. Equally prominent at U.B.C. President last year of the Parliamentary Forum. Has been called to sit upon many campus boards and committees. Good parliamentarian with extensive knowledge of procedure. Has, in the past, almost invariably teamed with Bonner in campus and city debates, as they team well together. Jewish, quick-witted, has a more emphatic delivery than Bonner. Usually referred to as "Silver-tongued" at U.B.C. Excellent executive record.

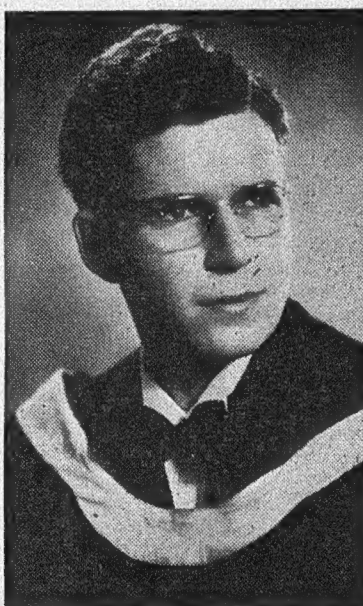
ROBERT ("BOB") BONNER

Fourth year Arts student, majoring in Political Science (honors). Very prominent in U.B.C. campus circles—last year as President of the L.S.E. (Literary and Scientific Executive, a body which controls all club activities). Now President of Delta Upsilon. Once described as "the best debater in the Province of British Columbia." Travelled to Winnipeg last year with present partner, Arthur Fouks, in McGoun Cup. Cool, well-poised type, most at home in codes, articles and by-laws—but very human nevertheless. Has had good deal of debating experience.

ITINERANT TEAM



Debater Amerongen



Debater Purvis

Editors Hold C.U.P. Meeting During Christmas Holidays to Settle College Press Problems

Liston from Sheaf and Snaddon from Ubyssy Attend at Alberta

MANITOBA INVITED TO COME

Mutual Criticism was Note

Few people on the campus know that the Christmas holidays in Edmonton held more for The Gateway staff than just plain fun. Because just before Christmas the University of Alberta was the scene of a hot "press conference" between the Universities of Alberta, British Columbia and Saskatchewan. Alberta held the upper hand in all arguments but likeable young chap fresh from the Emerald Isle, and still "green" (Yeh, Saskatchewan), was the representative of The Sheaf, of which he is the Editor-in-Chief.

From U.B.C. we were surprised to find, came a Calgarian by name of Andy Snaddon, who proved to be loyal to his home province, but lovingly attached to his Alma Mater.

As witness the letter from U.B.C.'s illustrious Jabez on the inside pages of this paper, the two farthest western universities in Canada seem to get along well together (at least their newspaper staffs do), but that touching friendship did not quell the conference disputes, because Snaddon was all for the Ubyssy (naturally), and Liston was all for The Sheaf (of course) and the Gateway Edmontonians were all for The Gateway (well?). And as any fool can plainly see, the dice were heavily loaded against Vic and Andy, but it must be admitted that they certainly did make a good job of holding up their own end(s). Perhaps the quietest meeting of the whole conference took place on a Sunday afternoon when Dr. and Mrs. J. M. MacEachran entertained at tea in Athabasca Hall.

Let it not be imagined that all disputes during the three-day conference dealt with The Gateway, The Ubyssy, The Sheaf, newspaper ethics, newspaper faults, newspaper subjects ranged all the way from "Should our co-eds knit or march?" to "Supposing I had joined the active service, why did I do it?"

From the conference, however, The Gateway staff did learn that there was a great deal wrong with The Gateway, apparently. For instance, The Gateway wrote up the formal in much too "gushing" a manner (what are we supposed to do when there is a whole page to fill and nothing to fill it?); and The Gateway was a long way behind the times, because The Gateway had no filing system (to which fact the staff unanimously agreed, but has as yet done nothing about it); etc.

(Which is a wonderful way to end a news story—it keeps the readers in suspense.)

UNIVERSITY MUSIC HOUR

Sunday, January 18, at 7:30 p.m., in VKUA Studios. Program: Strauss, "One Day When We Were Young"; Milizia Korjus; Beethoven, Country Dance, Mischa Elman; Wagner, Meistersinger, Walters Preislied, Richard Crooks; Tschowsky, Romeo and Juliet Overture, Leopold Stokowsky and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra.

Union Sets Up Committee With Blair Fulton as Chairman And Three Other Student Members

Methods Being Considered

MR. MATTHEWS IS FACULTY MEMBER

Huge Coca-Cola Bottles to Act as "Dime Catchers" in Arts and Med

"Let it never be said that University of Alberta undergrads didn't contribute willingly to war organizations."

As manifested so forcefully in the Christmas Gateway, by the lists of sons of our Alma Mater now in the Services, U. of A. graduates are certainly carrying their share of the load. Let us, then, as students make the above quotation an irrefutable fact, by contributing what we are able. Our abilities, as engineers, doctors, nurses, chemists, still merely potential—our contributions obviously cannot be of the same magnitude as those of our graduate brothers and sisters; nevertheless, we can set a definite goal in that direction, and it has been proposed that for the present we make that goal the purchase and presentation to the services of an ambulance. It sounds like a big push, and it is. However, in the light of the situation, it appears that this is the least we should be satisfied with.

To assist and direct the raising of the \$2,500.00 (approximately) which will be required to obtain an equipped vehicle, the War Services Board of the Students' Union has set up a sub-committee specifically for this ambulance drive. This committee will be made up of a faculty member, Mr. Matthews, chairman, Blair Fulton, treasurer Don McCormick, and members Secord Jackson and Bob Torrance.

Methods used by other Canadian universities in securing similar funds have been under consideration, and although several of these methods have been found unworkable on this campus, others will be put into operation immediately.

It was originally decided to ask the student body at an open meeting for their permission to assign \$1.50 of their caution money to this fund. This would have netted the sum of \$2,250.00. However, some of the less obvious loopholes in this scheme have since come to light, and for the present the idea must be abandoned. Because of the weather conditions, McGill's Miles of Dimes proposal has also been shelved.

By the end of this week one of the accepted methods will begin to percolate. "Dime Catchers" in the form of huge coca-cola bottles, will appear in the Arts, Med building and Big Tuck. A large scoreboard will be set up midway between Arts and Tuck. Indication of the progress of the campaign will appear thereon, and you will be able to see for yourself just how well (or how poorly) you are responding to the need.

With reasonable co-operation from the student body, this portion of the campaign can net \$400.00 a week, which is only half of the amount realized weekly at McGill, over a period of four weeks. Thirty cents a week is surely not too much to expect, even from the most "poverty stricken" amongst us. This method will realize about \$1,600.00.

It is obvious that the committee has no means whatever of checking on those who avoid taking part in the effort. But their failure will not reflect on themselves, but on the University as a whole. After all, the quota set is proportionally smaller than those set on other campuses. Furthermore, the mere fact that it has been decided to undertake such a project, certainly demands that it be completed, and in as short a time as possible. The end in such a case justifies any means within reason,

\$100 Offered In Literary Contest

Sponsored by Women's Canadian Club

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto has announced a literary competition open to all professional and non-professional writers in Canada. Prize money amounting to \$100.00 has been offered, and will be awarded in its entirety, or divided among two or three contestants at the discretion of the judges.

Contestants may choose one of two subjects: "Future Housing in Canada" or "The Position of Canada in the Post-War World." The essays are not to exceed 2,000 words, and they must be in English, typewritten on one side of the page only, and double-spaced. Writers are asked to send three typewritten copies, each enclosed in a separate envelope, with the pseudonym written on the outside. The name and address of the contestant should be placed in a separate sealed envelope, on the outside of which is the pseudonym. Any paper which shows any mark of typewriter's identification on it will be disqualified from the contest. Essays are to be sent to the Secretary-Treasurer of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, 69 Bloor Street East, Toronto, by registered mail.

Closing date of the competition is February 15th, 1942.

NOTICE

Tonight the final meeting of the University Philosophical Society will take place in Med 158 at 8:15 p.m., when Mr. "Chet" Lambertson will address members on the subject, "The Development of Background Music in Motion Pictures." Anyone may attend by paying admission at the door.

and surely the proposals made are that.

The Sophomores and Freshmen have pledged the receipts from their coming Froph dance, and the Engineers have likewise indicated they will likewise contribute heavily from their Ball to the Ambulance Fund coffers.

One salient point must be borne in mind—this is NOT a scheme to be played around with—either we do it or we don't. The ambulance will bear the insignia of our University and will be presented in the spring to a ranking officer of the R.C.A.M.C. As a vehicle of mercy this ambulance will, we hope, carry the pledge of the undergraduate body to the graduates in the services.

Fritz And Elefthery Attend W.C.I.A.U. Meeting Held Over Week-end; Support Decisions

Delegates Laud Spirit of Western Universities

REGINA REJOINS INTERVARSITY SPORTS PROGRAM

Swimming Meet to be Held in Saskatoon

Delegates Bob Fritz and Demetrie Elefthery returned from the W.C.I.A.U. meeting held in Saskatoon over the week-end, full of enthusiasm for the spirit displayed by the Western universities.

The conference decided in favor of a modified program of intervarsity sport, to be continued for the duration of the war. This is heartening news, as it was feared that intercollegiate athletics might be entirely dropped next year. The decision of the conference will receive the full support of this Students' Union, and the support of the President of this University.

Radio Club to Enact Four Plays

Mr. Risk Directs

Under the direction of Mr. Sidney Risk of the University Extension Department, the Radio Club of the U. of A. Dramatic Society has resumed activities for the new year, and proposes to give four radio plays over CKUA before the end of the term. The first of these, scheduled for February 4th, will be Mr. "Chet" Lambertson's "As She Liked It" which was printed in the Literary Supplement of The Gateway last spring.

As the club will produce only one play every second week instead of one a week as was done last term, more time will be spent in preparation and rehearsal. A general meeting on January 21st will be held, at which casts for the first two plays will be chosen.

The club offers opportunities not only to those who are interested in acting on the radio, but also to any who feel that, though they have no dramatic ability, they could manage to handle certain of the necessary sound effects. There is a lot of fun to be had, and very little hard work. Any who are interested are urged to turn out for the meeting on Jan. 21st, the place and time of which will be announced later.

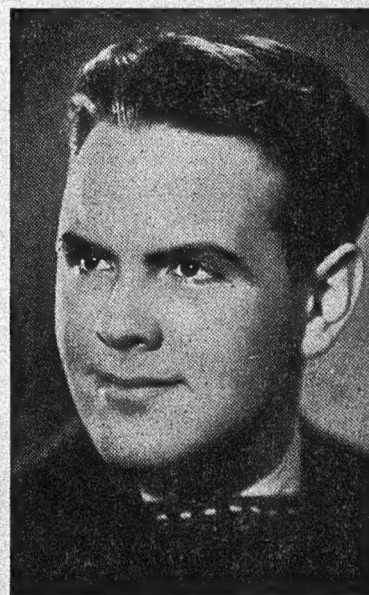
Poetry Society Sponsors Contest

In order to stimulate creative writing and to encourage embryo Canadian poets, the Poetry Society of Winnipeg, affiliate of the Poetry Society of London, England, is offering cash prizes for the best poems submitted by professional and non-professional Canadian writers.

Any form—lyric, sonnet, ballad, ode or narrative—may be adopted by contestants, and poems must be original. Fifty dollars is offered as first prize, \$15.00 for second and \$10.00 for third. Manuscripts will not be returned. The contest opens January 8, 1942, and closes March 15th, 1942. Contestants who have already received the club's prize shall not be eligible.

Three typewritten copies of entries with the writer's pseudonym shall be addressed to Mrs. N. A. McMillan, 129 Sherburn Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Three separate envelopes, each containing writer's name and address with pseudonym on outside, will accompany manuscripts.

HEADS COMMITTEE



Blair Fulton, recently appointed to head the committee set up by Students' Council for the purpose of raising \$2,500 to buy an ambulance. Under him, Fulton has a committee of three students, Don McCormick, Secord Jackson and Bob Torrance. Also on the committee, as faculty advisor, is Mr. Matthews. The committee's plans are already in motion, and Mr. Fulton expressed his belief that the Alberta students could and would achieve the wonderful objective they have set for themselves. All power to you, Mr. Fulton!

Spring Play Is Well On Way

Rehearsals for the annual Spring Play this year are getting under way this week, with only a few drawbacks. Director of the play is E. M. Jones again, and the assistant director has not yet been chosen. Cast of the production will be announced in the near future.

"You Can't Take It With You" was chosen by the executive of the Dramatic Society and the Play Selection Committee last fall as the spring production. Members of the executive in charge of arrangements are Murray Kendrick, president, Norma Coburn, vice-president, Bob Black, treasurer, and Secord Jackson, secretary.

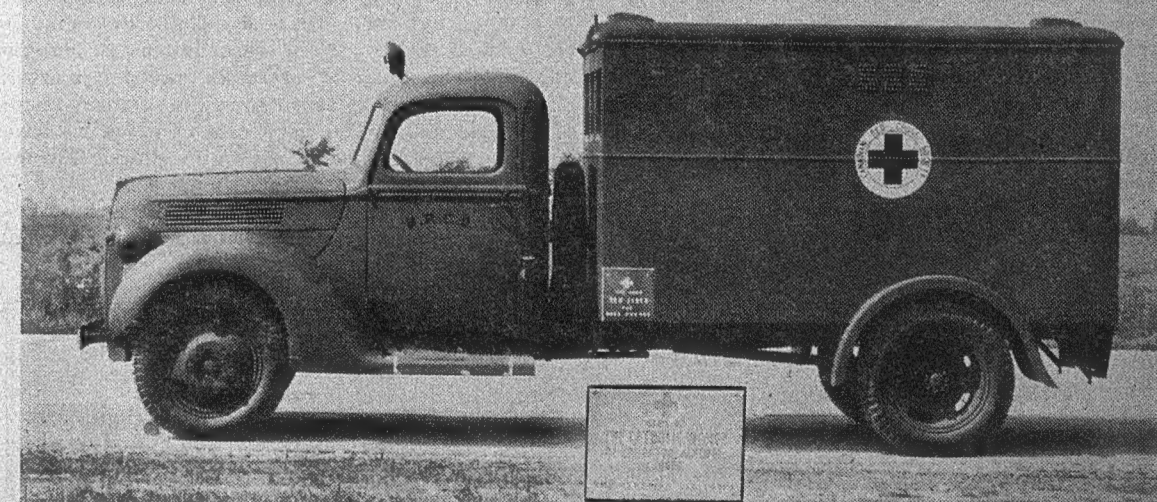
Date of the play has not yet been announced. Formerly the council had set it ahead to the first week-end in March, but since then it has been discovered that other major functions prevent production at that time.

W.W.W.'s to Aid Ambulance Fund

In aid of the Ambulance Fund and of co-ed war work, the Waunetta War Workers will hold a mass tea in Convocation Hall on Monday, Jan. 26th. Christine Willox, chairman of the War Workers, is in charge of arrangements for the affair, which will last from 3:30 to 6:00 p.m. A silver collection will be taken, and 30 per cent. of the proceeds will go towards the Ambulance Fund, the rest to be spent in supplies for the knitting and sewing classes.

Last year the W.W.W.'s held a similar tea, at which the "Army" was well represented. It is hoped that the boys will turn out "en masse" again this year with their nickles, dimes and quarters. Anyone and everyone is welcome, so co-eds, bring your mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers. Over \$300 was raised last spring in this way. Let's try to make it \$400 this year.

OBJECTIVE



This is a reproduction of the model of ambulance now in use by the Canadian Army overseas. Two types are being used—the 1½ ton Ford as above, and also a Dodge of the same weight. Each truck carries four stretchers and some emergency equipment. Many ambulances like this have been donated by public organizations, and are now overseas. All such bear a panel above the Red Cross on the donor's inscription upon it. The ambulance which we are going to purchase will likewise bear the words, "Donated by the Students of the University of Alberta."

THE GATEWAY CASSEROLE



Published each Tuesday and Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

MEMBER OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

TELEPHONE 31155

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF JOHN D. PARK
BUSINESS MANAGER WILLIAM MARTIN

Tuesday Edition

Editor James S. Woods
News Editor L. Secord Jackson
Sports Editor Bill Hewson
C.U.P. Editor Charley Glebe
Women's Editor Victoria Wachowich
Features Editor Corwin Pine
Filing Clerk Walter Gainer
Casserole Editor René Boileau
Assistants: Ronald Goodison, Gordon D. Brown, Isomay de Palezieux, Helen McDougall, Drake Shelton, Connie Ghostley, Hank Hankinson, Dorothy Ravenscroft, Don Harvie, Marshall Morie, Queena Wershof, Jack McIlveen, Cecil Davis, Warwick Blench.

Business Staff

Circulation Manager Alan Kershaw
Asst. Circulation Manager Gordon Smith
Advertising Manager Bruce Hunter
Advertising Solicitor Bill Payne

DEBUNK THE CYNICS

MUCH has been written and much more has been said about the lack of spirit on this campus. Ten days from now we will see whether or not there is any spark of genuine student spirit left around here.

Every undergrad will be asked to indicate his or her willingness to support a scheme, the success of which will be a thermometer of school spirit. In so far as every other campus in Canada has made at least an effort towards organized war contribution, we are out on the proverbial limb. Furthermore, on Jan. 26 every University in Canada, with the exception of Alberta, is holding a Red Cross Ball, the proceedings of which will be heard in a series broadcast from coast to coast. There are places more appropriate than this column for explaining our notable absence from this lineup, so let it suffice here to say that it is not for a lack of trying. A committee set up to manage such an undertaking was thwarted from the word "go," and was forced to cancel all plans for a Red Cross function. However, just because such an affair isn't in the books at this institution, it doesn't follow that we should sit back on our fat haunches and while while every Canadian campus goes booming along on well supported war enterprises.

Therefore, with these things in mind, our goal of an equipped ambulance by the end of February is certainly small enough to be within our economical reach, and large enough to merit the approval of even our toughest critics (and, believe me, there are plenty of them).

The War Fund Committee has been warned by the usual horde of Tuck Shop cynics that the whole idea will fall through; that Alberta students haven't enough fortitude or intellectual honesty to back up any campaign of this nature, even were it to be of one-half the magnitude of this one.

Their caustic predictions may be true, but if they are, depend on it—U. of A. undergrads are in for the worst lacing in the Press that any collection of students anywhere has gotten for some time.

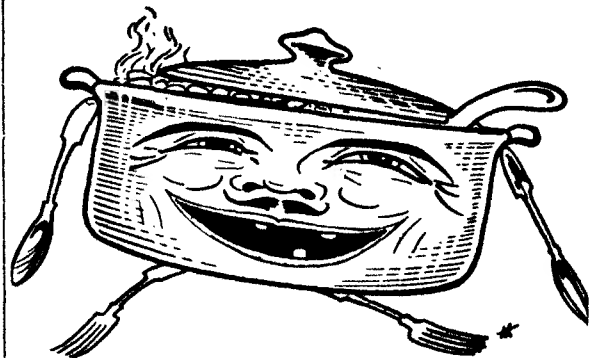
PRELIMINARY arrangements have been already completed for the establishing of a University Air Corps at this University. Negotiations were carried on between officers of the R.C.A.F. and the University authorities during the Christmas vacation. The founding of an Air Force squadron on this campus is very commendable. It will permit students who are already planning on entering the Air Force to complete their training to the end of Initial Training School while attending University.

To enter the squadron, students must have one year's basic training in either the Auxiliary Battalion or the C.O.T.C. They must sign an honorable intention to join the Air Force at the end of their training period or on graduation.

Students will not be guaranteed commissions in the Air Force. However, experience shows that in most cases commissions will be forthcoming after further training.

Here is an outline of arrangements for training. A member of the University staff will be given a commission in the Air Force reserve. He will be given command of the University squadron. In general, matters will be under the jurisdiction of the officer commanding the C.O.T.C., but he will receive detailed instructions from the force headquarters. Thirty days pay per year will be available for those who take the training. Uniforms will be issued. All other equipment issued to the L.T.S. except the Link trainer will also be on hand. Arrangements will be made with No. 7 L.T.S. to cover Link training.

Next spring the University will be visited by



She—Do you want to see where I was operated on?
He—Oh, sure—er.
She—Well, we're just two blocks from the hospital now.

The real trouble with our youth today is that they were all out last night.

Love is blind, but the neighbors ain't.

Maw—Did you give your penny for Sunday School collection?
Sonny—Naw. I lost it.

Maw—But this is the third week that you've lost it.
Sonny—Gee, a guy's luck doesn't last forever.

"Is there no hope, doctor?"
"Well, I don't know. What are you hoping for?"

A draftee from the Amazon
Put nighties of his gramazon;
The reason's that
He was too fat
To get his own pyjamas.

"Washa time?"
"Ish 2 o'clock."
"How ya know?"
"Looked at the shundial with m' flashlight."

An Irishman and Scotchman went into a hotel for refreshments, and were asked to sign their names and nationalities on the register.

The Irishman signed: "Irish—and proud of it."
The Scotchman signed: "Scotch—and fond of it."

A fellow says walking is a lost art. Is that so?
How does he think most of us get from where we park to where we're going?

"And what," asked the Aggie Prof., "do two ducks and a cow remind you of?"
"Quackers and milk," piped the Frosh.

Thirst come, thirst served.

Elevator Man—Here you are, sonny. This is your floor.
Superior Youth—How dare you call me sonny! You are not my father.

Elevator Man—Well, I brought you up, didn't I?

"And speaking of roads," said Gus, as he drove down the side road, "now here's a good place to stop."
Said she: "You mean here's a good place to start!"

Confucius say: "Boy who take girl up on hill not on level."

"I don't know what I'm going to do. My husband simply cannot bear children," said the newlywed.

"My dear girl," remarked a kind old lady, "you can't expect the husband to do everything."

officers of the Air Force, who will explain the training plan in greater detail to the student body. We are certain that the coming of an Air Force squadron to this University will be welcomed by the men students, and that it will be given their whole-hearted support.

Editorial Squibs

The people on this campus now have the opportunity to show just how much they are willing to towards the war effort. Some, we are certain, will not contribute a cent. Others will make sacrifices of varying amounts. It is up to you to see that the number who do not contribute is kept to the minimum.

This should be a sacrifice. Some money will be raised by social functions, but the greater amount will come from ordinary contributions. Sacrifice a coke, a milk-shade, or a movie periodically. Put your contribution in the large coca-cola bottles placed in Tuck Shop, Arts and the Medical buildings.

If you are one of those fortunate individuals who possess folding money, remember that the coca-cola bottles are not made exclusively for small change. A little bit of green will look pretty good amid copper and silver. But not matter how much you can afford to give, give it anyway.

The benefits of higher education do not strengthen the moral fibre of a considerable number of students. The amount of petty pilfering that goes on is a disgrace to an institution where so-called superior minds are wont to gather. There are numerous, in fact too numerous, instances of overcoats, rubbers, scarves, gloves, and textbooks stolen from the common rooms of the University. The worst case of which we have heard was the stealing of a text on ethics. The individuals who are responsible should think twice of their duty as University students. We have the privilege of higher education. The least that can be asked of us is personal honesty.

On Diverse Characters In One Situation

(Reprinted from The New Yorker)

We all know only too well the formula in use among novelists of combining any number of irrelevant characters by placing them in the same residence, business, mode of transport, social occasion, or common catastrophe. Among examples in the last few years, you'll recall "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," in which the common bond was that they were all hurled to destruction at the same moment; "Grand Hotel," in which they all stayed in the same tavern in Berlin, but were otherwise not related; "Street Scene," "Dinner at Eight," and many more.

This formula probably originated before Chaucer, but in my opinion it got its latter-day impetus from Wordsworth in his poem, "We Are Seven." I hazard a bold and brilliant theory that he visualized the parents of the child who prattled to him so engagingly as baby farmers on quite a large scale, and that it was merely the child's delusion that the other six morons and semi-morons she mentions, conscientiously counting them up wrong each time on her fingers and toes, were her brothers and sisters; they were not her kin at all, but off-spring of much-too-casual parents who at one time or another had placed them in the charge of Mr. and Mrs. We-Are-Seven. Let me suggest a list of them:

The Sasabianca Child,
The Schooner Hesperus child,
The Papa's Letter child,
The Child-Musician,
Little Boy Blue,

The Erlkonig child.

These innocent little seem to have polished themselves off with curious suddenness soon after they were removed from the charge of Mr. and Mrs. We-Are-Seven, baby farmers, and their legitimate parents resumed responsibility. Statistics prove that the figures of infant mortality, in poetry, are exceptionally high. Hitherto we have accepted this with resignation and tears. They were always too good to live, we said. But if you investigate the matter in a clear, plain, practical spirit, you will find that the parents were to blame in each case. Either they exhibited the most criminal carelessness or else their purpose was fundamentally infanticide.

Examining the cases, one by one: The skipper of the schooner Hesperus, for instance, obviously not weather-wise himself, likewise paid no heed at all to the warning of the old sailor: "Last night the moon had a golden ring, And tonight no moon we see!"

He seemed fatuously determined, golden ring or no golden ring, to have his Little Daughter along with him, and could give no good reason for this save that he bosom was as white as the hawthorne buds that open in the month of May. The child herself seemed listless, and meritoriously free from engaging prattle; she hardly opened her rosebud mouth. Probably she didn't like the sea.

That other skipper's child, Casabianca Junior, has demonstrated once and for all, by the manner of his demise, that obedience is an undesirable thing in children. Skipper Casabianca's parting directions to the lad, though he cannot have foreseen the degree of literal idiocy with which they would be interpreted, certainly do not betray a high standard of common sense.

Of the mental condition of the parent in "Papa's Letter," who in the spirit of pleasant wagery uses up a perfectly good postage stamp by licking it and planking it upside down on the child's forehead, we say nothing. The mother's only excuse may have been that God knows she had been trying to get morning letters written. Is 'ou, Mamma? Tan't I write a letter, too?', and she foresaw grimly that thus stamping the child might lead to the post office, that road-crossing, those mad-dened horses, and subsequent peace in the home.

"But the eager face was clouded,

"And that makes how many?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,

And wondering looked at me.

Now that the Garneau Skating Rink has once more resumed winter activities, all those within earshot, which is approximately a radius of from three to four blocks, will be entertained by a free musical concert every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday night, not to mention Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

To those who are new to the city and who reside within the above-mentioned area, I would like briefly to outline the wonderful treat that is in store for them. I shall only mention a few of the better-known pieces, as it would be impossible to include every selection, so extensive is their repertoire.

Probably one of the most-often played records is the "Beer-Barrel Polka," admirably executed with all the vim and gusto which this piece demands. The main theme is first played with full orchestra, then the violins take it up a little further on. Finally, with a magnificent climax, the selection comes to a close.

Another piece worthy of mention is "El Rancho Grande" (I know this is the wrong spelling, but after all, it is the music that counts). Probably the most distinguishing feature of this recording is the excellent balance displayed throughout its entirety. The orchestra commences with the melody, after which a solo voice enters, to be later joined by a chorus. One thing to be specially noted is the manner in which the orchestra quietly remains in the background while the singers go to town. I simply cannot refrain from

As I slowly shook my head,

Till I said, "I'll make a letter Of you, darling boy, instead."

And that did the trick.

You remember the situation in which the Erlkonig Child found himself:

"Wer reitet so spat durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind."

But surely der Vater was ill-advised to lug an ailing child through a dark forest in night and wind. For, mind you, the legend of the Erlkonig was perfectly well known in that well-timbered district. However, as in the case of the mother and the postage stamp, he may have secretly desired this contretemps to happen.

The hardened, avaricious parents of the "Child-Musician" turned out their tender babe to earn money with his little fiddle, because it was the fashion of the levees of that period to have child musicians:

"He played for his lordship's levee, He had played for her ladyship's whim."

Till the poor little head was heavy, And the poor little brain would swim."

though heaven knows, his lordship must have got sick of the very sight of him standing there, squinting and knock-kneed, scraping away on the strings, producing squeaky strains of "The Rosary" or "Marble Halls."

I pondered deeply on which levee and what period. Could levee be a poetic euphemism for "studie"? "Have we got that blasted kid on a contrast? We have? Who the hell?"

—sure, sure, I know he was the big draw once. Fire him! And the executives thought he said, "Tire him!" and kept the blessed child at it until:

"Make room for a tired little fellow."

"Kind God!" was the last he said. You will agree that it is difficult to understand about the parents of "Little Boy Blue." Even if they were fond of their child, they must have been sentimentalists of such a sickly hue that the brains turns pale green on contemplation:

The little toy dog is covered with dust.

But sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little toy soldier is red with rust,

And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,

And the soldier was passing fair; And that was the time when Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there, "Now don't you go till I come," he said,

"And don't you make any noise!" So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,

He dreamt of his pretty toy;

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song

Awakened our Little Boy Blue. . .

So they let their Little Boy Blue: A. Sleep insecurely in a trundle-bed.

B. Poison himself by kissing toys made out of lead.

Finally, one cannot too strongly censure the baby farmers themselves, Mr. and Mrs. We-Are-Seven, for constantly allowing their own fuddled child, after so many removals and catastrophes, to take her little porridge out to the churchyard and eat her supper sitting on the graves. The proceeding is wholly morbid and unhygienic. Anyhow, the girl should have been rubbing up her mathematics instead; her school reports, which research has recently excavated, speak of them as her "weak point."

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, And two are gone to sea . . .

And several more are staying with auntie,

And—wait a moment—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have three or four on location,

And then there's myself, of course."

"And that makes how many?"

"How many? Seven in all," she said,

And wondering looked at me.

• a letter from — jabez

Drooling-on-Sea,
Upswich Downs, B.C.,
Dec. 17, 1941.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Ed.—Some weeks ago, for reasons best known to yourself, you allowed "Ubysey" agents to smuggle my column, "The Mummery," into the hitherto unsullied pages of your paper. Naturally I was entranced. According to a recent poll, I have no relatives in Alberta, and it was charming indeed to discover that someone outside the family was interested in the Work. Moreover, as curator of the largest collection of rejection slips this side of Fanny Hurst, I am always prone to salivate happily at the sight of my stuff in print. I have nix-notes from all the best magazines, and even from others that don't print pictures of nudes. I have everything from a five-page essay, with bibliography, from the Atlantic Monthly, to a cryptic "Uh-uh!" from the Readers' Digest. The only non-collegiate publication to accept my work has been the Christian Science Monitor. And then if I wrote anything worth while, they put it in quotation marks and said that Jesus said it.

So I was delighted to discover my column, word for word, right down to the last typographical error, reproduced in your paper, whose merits I had never fully appreciated before. Ten, in successive weeks, more reproductions appeared. These were quickly brought to my attention. Of if they were not quickly brought to my attention, I tore the paper apart looking for them. Mail-day found me waiting for the postman with ill-disguised anguish, standing first on one leg and then the other, until I could seize The Gateway from the terrified civil servant and strain the columns through my eager orbs in search of the goo. Some time afterwards, another pub member would come up and mention that you had reprinted my column again. Whereupon I would flick the beads of sweat nonchalantly off my brow and murmur:

"You don't say. Must be hard up for copy. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

And then I would stumble off to a quiet corner where I could stop my knees from knocking.

Life became a hell of suspense. I knew that once you stopped printing the columns, our editor, a sensitive chap, would be obliged, for the dignity and prestige of the "Ubysey" to blot me out. When writing a

column, I had constantly to ask myself: would Alberta like this? would this hurt the wheat grower? shall I mention grasshoppers? Here is some fine material about how one of our co-eds, Gertrude Pugg, changed her skin in front of the Library after a particularly heavy exam. But does Alberta know Gertrude Pugg? Probably not; or under another name at least. And so the Pugg Incident must be ignored.

Then, a few weeks ago, Andy Snaddon blew the whole thing up. While flailing about for copy one day, he exhumed the idea of protesting about your not giving me a by-line in a recent reprint. I was appalled to read this flagrant assertion of my rights. You could give the by-line to King Tut for all I cared, as long as the column was there, and I'm sure Tut wouldn't mind.

But the fat was in the fire, as we say out here. Alberta exchange students snarled at me in the quad. Heated letters were written to the Editor, threatening to throw the prairies at us. It got so that I cringed abjectly before a pound of Alberta butter (36c a lb.).

Of course, I more or less expected a warm rejoinder from The Gateway, with perhaps a riposte by Mr. Snaddon and a counter-riposte by The Gateway, with my reputation being pounded back and forth across the Rockies, while I watched helplessly, like a spectator at a ping-pong match.

But no. The latest issue of your paper contains a heart-warming open letter to JABEZ (in letters of a height inspiring nothing if not vertigo), a letter in which the Tuesday Editor, an obviously brilliant chap, has some very nice things to say about "The Mummery." Incredible as it may seem, it is to acknowledge with thanks these sentiments that this letter has been written. I would like to exchange photographs with the Tuesday Editor, if he's not already married. I am six feet high, in my stocking feet, and standing on a small stool provided for the purpose. I have dark, curly bags under my eyes, and am reputed to have a winning smile, especially when I have my teeth in. I also wash my things, like Claudette Colbert, in Lux. But on her they look good—I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,
at Union rates, JABEZ.

'Lectrical Catechism

The following is an electrical engineer's catechism for use while he is at college. These "bon mots" are culled from an electrical magazine:

When a woman is sulky and will not speak—Exciter.

If she gets too excited—Controller. If she talks too long—Interrupter. If her way of thinking is not yours—Converter.

If she is willing to come half-way—Meter.

If she will not come all the way—Receiver.

If she wants to go further—Conductor.

If she would go still further—Dispatcher.

If she wants to be an angel—Transformer.

If you think she is unfaithful—Detector.

If she is unfaithful—Lever.

If she proves you are wrong—Compensator.

If she wants chocolates—Feeder.

If she sings wrong—Tuner.

If she is a poor cook—Discharger.

If she is wrong—Rectifier.

If she is cold to you—Heater.

If she gossips too much—Regulator.

If she becomes upset—Reverser.

TO A YOUNG MAN ENTERING THE ARMY

This grim essay is not an interval Of your real life, transient and set apart.

This is your life itself; live it with all The depth and resolution of your heart.

—Arthur Davison Ficke.

Mistakes, Ye Gods!

When a plumber makes a mistake, he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it is just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—ye gods!

—Exchange.

NOTICE

A black pocket watch has been turned in to The Gateway office. Would the owner please ask for it?

OXFORD PAMPHLETS ON WORLD AFFAIRS—60 titles. Each . . . 10c
"POCKET BOOKS"—Complete and unabridged, 50 titles. Some of the world's best literature. Each . . . 39c
STUDENT'S OUTLINE SERIES, in most subjects. Each . . . \$1.00

THIS DEPARTMENT IS OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

UNIVERSITY BOOK STORE

Rink Music

Now that the Garneau Skating Rink has once more resumed winter activities, all those within earshot, which is approximately a radius of from three to four blocks, will be entertained by a free musical concert every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday night, not to mention Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

To those who are new to the city and who reside within the above-mentioned area, I would like briefly to outline the wonderful treat that is in store for them. I shall only mention a few of the better-known pieces, as it would be impossible to include every selection, so extensive is their repertoire.

Probably one of the most-often played records is the "Beer-Barrel Polka," admirably executed with all the vim and gusto which this piece demands. The main theme is first played with full orchestra, then the violins take it up a little further on. Finally, with a magnificent climax, the selection comes to a close.

Another piece worthy of mention is "El Rancho Grande" (I know this is the wrong spelling, but after all, it is the music that counts). Probably the most distinguishing feature of this recording is the excellent balance displayed throughout its entirety. The orchestra commences with the melody, after which a solo voice enters, to be later joined by a chorus. One thing to be specially noted is the manner in which the orchestra quietly remains in the background while the singers go to town. I simply cannot refrain from

mentioning the beautifully sustained "Woo! Hoo!" which terminates the song. It comes as a complete surprise (unless, of course, you've heard it about 500 times, in which case the element of surprise is somewhat lessened), because the orchestra has ceased playing, and you naturally conclude that the piece is over.

Now, I have always maintained that the best pieces to skate to, and also to listen to, are Strauss waltzes. Those who enjoy them will not be disappointed, as they actually have the grand total of five. Of this number you can usually depend on at least two being played during the course of the twenty pieces presented during the evening.

If you are a fresh-air fiend, and like your window open, you will hear the dulcet strains floating in very clearly. You have no conception of how wonderful an aid it is in helping you with your studies. Thoughts just seem to come pell-mell into your head. For instance, at this very moment I am listening to the inspiring strains of that latest song-hit, "South of the Border." On the other hand, if you like your window closed, you can also rest easy on that score, for you will still be able to hear the lovely melodies.

In conclusion, I would like to say that, after reading this article (I am speaking more especially to those who are in the vicinity of the rink), you don't at least put forth an effort to understand and appreciate the music, the greater will be the loss suffered by you.

J. M.

Now for REAL CANDY ENJOYMENT!
8 Generous size cubes of fine french style chocolate filled with smooth, golden, butter caramel.
Delicious!
Neilson's LIQUID CARAMEL
TRY SOME TODAY!
Neilson's



NOVEL MARCH OF STUFF NOW NEARING OBJECTIVE

Toronto Varsity
The March of Stuff which started recently is now believed nearing its objective, it was announced by usually reliable sources in the fastness of Queens Park. This campaign, sponsored by the Hart House Snooker and Tatting Club, was designed to cover several worth-while charities not included in the recent "March of Dimes" campaign.

Since it was felt that the first campaign would leave the campus philanthropists with a shortage of cash and sore backs from laying down their dimes, the novel idea of a campaign in kind was conceived.

Contributions of old aluminum and balsa wood will be devoted to making new rifles for the Training Centre Battalion; cast-off clothing, dusty diamonds, and built-in bridge-work, and back files of your favorite newspaper will be converted into cash for the benefit of the Snooker and Tatting Club's Foul Air Fund for Underprivileged Pass Arts Pool Sharks, and the University Fund for Supplying the Waifs and Strays of St. Michael's College With Full Length Winter Overcoats. All contributions are being hurled onto a huge pile around the bandstand in the park, thus obviating the necessity of bending over.

Largest delegation in the opening ceremonies was the one from the School of Practical Science. Charitable Schoolmen rallied to the cause with their recent purchases from the School Auction. The University Library and several other buildings were immediately redeemed by the University, and the cigar coupons were put on display under armed guard. The arrival of the Medical Delegation resulted in the contribution of several very fine pairs of trousers in assorted colors.

If all goes well, the committee hopes also to be able to buy the Varsity a neat stridlu new lino-type machine.

E. Kratkoye.

More About Churchill

From Toronto Saturday Night
Mr. Churchill, who since we last went to press has infused courage, confidence, discipline, and determination in unprecedented measure into the 140 million people of this continent, has perhaps nowhere shown his greatness more clearly than in his remark at the luncheon party that he had discouraged criticism of the Munich appears, "because if the present criticizes the past, there is not much hope for the future." That is one of the great sayings of a great epoch in history. We are all of us in lesser or greater measure responsible for the past, and none of us can acquit ourselves of that responsibility by anything short of our utmost effort to build the best possible future. Recrimination is suicidal; partizan rancor is treason; international jealousy between nations aligned in the common cause is insanity. We must leave all appeasers, isolationists, unconscious fascists and the like to stand in due time before the judgment seat of public opinion in the light of history; our task now is to extricate the world from its mess, without stopping to inquire how it got into it.

someone else's shoes —by drake shelton

I'd better start by telling you that my name is Stephen Patrick Johnston and that I live in the little village of Slewburg, in Southern Alberta. This may sound commonplace to you, and very uninteresting, but after the happenings of the last fortnight, the greatest thrill and comfort I can enjoy is derived from repeating this sentence with certainty: "I am Stephen Patrick Johnston, and I live in Slewburg." I suppose I had better get on with my story, though, and tell you what happened.

All the trouble began when I went for a ride in a truck to see a ball game. I hit my head on the side, and broke a tooth. It hurt me horribly, and so my mother told me I'd better get up to Hashville on the morrow and have it seen to. This I did with great eagerness, for the pain was unbearable. I rode to Hashville on the bus, in company with one other person from our town—by name of Marie Louise Snuggleupski. She was a dark Ukrainian brunette, about my age, I suppose, who wore too much lipstick. I noticed that she had a bandage around her mouth, and found to my surprise that she was going to the dentist's too. I could hardly help walking with her, but we were silent all the way there. I don't know what she thought of, if she thought at all, but I know I was wondering what I'd do if I were she. I thought she could be quite decent looking if she'd use lighter lipstick, and leave her eyebrows alone. They were too dark already.

Be that as it may, we at last arrived there, at the office of the doctors, A. Jones and B. Smith. These doctors, though rivals in a way, were forced to have a common waiting-room. So we sat and waited, on opposite sides of the room, neither of us offering to start a conversation. I don't blame her for being silent, seeing that she had a prudish nature. I could never resist swearing when she was around, with the result that she thought me a boor. Be that as it may, I sat at one side of the room reading Popeye, while she sat on the other attempting to improve what brain she had by perusing last week's paper.

Then the doors of both doctors opened at once, and a screaming

patient rushed past us out of each. The torturers stood silently in their respective doorways, grimly backing on to us. In we went, I to Dr. B. Smith and she to the tender mercies of Dr. A. Jones.

"Sit down," said the doctor, in his smooth way. "I'm very glad to see you here. What seems to be the trouble? Oh, I see, a broken tooth." Here he probed about a bit with some kind of infernal harpoon of his, into the innermost raw recesses of my tormented incisor. Then: "A very bad case, I am afraid. Your tooth is infected, has been rotten long before it broke. You're lucky you came to me when you did. A few days later, and I would have had to amputate your head. As it is, I will just remove your lower jaw. Where's the meat-axe, Ruth?"

He yelled to his nurse. Then he gave a great guffaw, and I was given to understand that was just one of his standard jokes. Then he called for gas—and I got it. Probably, at the same time, Marie Louise Snuggleupski also went under the gas.

This was the first time I ever had been under gas, and I had the most remarkable sensations. I seemed to be walking out of the doctor's door again, into the ante-room. Curiously enough, just as I got out, Marie Louise Snuggleupski came out of the other door. I looked at her and she looked at me—then we started talking, which was remarkable. We seemed to be talking for hours, then one of us said something about how lucky the other was. The other disclaimed the ideal violently. "You try being in my shoes," I said, "and you'd see what it was like."

"That's simple," she said. "I'll try it. You walk back into the door. I came out of and I'll go back to your room, and we'll be changed about." I was a bit doubtful—and there was silence for quite a time. Then suddenly I felt a wild rush. I saw Marie go through my door, and I was swept through the other. Then I gave a kick and opened my eyes.

What a funny dream to have, I thought. Then the doctor came up to me. "Now, miss, do you feel better. It didn't hurt much, did it? Keep it well wrapped up and don't let it get cold. Three dollars, please."

He called me miss! I was too astounded to speak. I brushed my hand over my hair in perplexity. My gosh, I had a hair-net on! What in the world had happened? Then I looked at my hand. Small and white, with red fingernails. Oh, mother! At last I found my voice.

"What the hell's happened?" I said. Dr. A. Jones looked shocked. "Such language!" he muttered reproachfully to himself. "Looked like a nice young lady, too." I then discovered that I had very sharp ears. Also I experienced considerable difficulty in seeing over the end of my nose.

I wouldn't know—but circumstances have made my mind resourceful at times—and so I decided that the best thing to do, since it was raining, was to let it rain. Then I began to see the advantages of my position. Quite a bit of fun could be had. We would probably change back later. Such a state of affairs could not continue. But in the meantime—gosh, I could really raise hell and put a prop under it, and suffer none of the consequences.

Then suddenly my ardor cooled. What if Marie Louise Snuggleupski had the same idea!

She was at the age when her prudish mind was due to undergo a violent reaction, and what would tend to produce it more than finding herself the inhabitant and sole master of a wilful and robust body like mine? She might ruin me, for she hadn't the mind to control me. And I was in training for an amateur boxing bout, among other things. I saw that I would have to talk turkey to her, and arrange some kind of gentleman's agreement, with myself.

But I still could have fun. I saw that. The first thing to do, though, would be to get the details of our everyday lives from each other, or we would both land up in the insane asylum.

So I paid my bill, after finding that I had some money in my purse, and walked out, just as Marie Louise was coming out of the other door. Of course, I'd never seen myself as others see me before—but, strange to relate, I rather appealed to myself.

Marie almost screamed when she saw me—and I, though no thought was farther from my mind, felt a feminine kind of exclamation rising in my throat. Well, to make a long story short, we told each other all about ourselves, and had quite a time doing it. We were both a bit worried, but after I left the room, I decided to make decidedly the best of a bad job.

I found that I tired out easily, so at about nine o'clock I went to bed. I got up the next morning in the same place, rather to my surprise. I looked around. Everything a beautiful woman could use. So I neatly combed my hair, rouged my cheeks, and gave myself just a touch of lipstick. Then I felt that that was good enough, for, to tell the truth, I was almost falling in love with myself.

I can't tell you much of what happened in the following days—how I rose to the top of the class in school; how I milked cows every night, without my fingers getting sore; how I absent-mindedly came home smoking one day; and my parents almost killed me; how, because I had inside information, I made most of the young men around fall in love with me; and how, pertaining to that, I found that I had a beautiful left hook and a swell short-arm jab. So many things happened in those first crowded few days that I can't remember them all if I want to. And I was enjoying things so much that I hardly thought of Marie Louise Snuggleupski. Then one night I was walking down the street and I met her. Just as I had feared at first. Despite all her promises, she had let me get out of control. She was blind drunk, and having an argument with one of my best friends. Then, all of a sudden, they started fighting. Even when I was drunk, the other kid hadn't a chance. But look what she did! That beautiful right-handed uppercut I only used once a year! My gosh, she'd sprain my fist for me! Something happened. She hadn't the sense of timing, and she missed. Oh, horror, now she started to pull his hair! I was horrified.

With my skirts training in the breeze and various people looking on, I rushed in to stop the fight. I'd fix those guys for beating me up when I was drunk. Then my high-heeled shoe slipped on a rock, and I remembered who I was.

Somehow things came to an end, and Marie seemed to be a bit more sober. I came up to her, when there was no one around, and asked her what the devil she meant by it.

"I'm having a good time," she informed me. "I've just found out how swell it is to be a boy. Starting tonight, I'm going around socking all the people I don't like. And I'm getting all your money out of the bank, and learning how to ride back-

wards on your bike, until it busts. Don't worry about me, boy. I like it."

After that, she ran out of breath. So I started. "Don't think you can make me act like that and get away with it, kid. I'm gonna ruin your reputation round here if you do. I'm warning you. Hell, Marie, you can't fool round with an Irishman like that."

"What can you do?" she asked me, with a pout, which looked rather funny on my square jaw. "I don't know, but I'll tell you one thing. Pretty soon, if you keep on drinking and smoking and acting the tom-fool the way you are doing, you'll find that your wind's up the creek, and everyone will start beating you up. Think of that!"

"Oh, you're strong enough to stand anything. I've found that out. You know, I kind of like you—when you haven't got a mind of your own. This is the first time in my life I've been able to do what I want."

With that she left me, and went to find someone to hitch-hike with her up to Hashville. So it had happened at last. Her point of view had changed; and now, freed from any fear of consequences, she was out for a good time. Meantime, I got hold of some books, making the utmost of my feminine wiles, and began studying secretly for the exams. But I found that I got fidgety and kept wanting to bite my fingernails, or kick my legs, and such actions distracted me. Also, I discovered to my deep disgust that I chewed garlic constantly. And the habits of a lifetime are not easily broken. After this, many things happened. I became unpopular with my girl friends. They thought I was stuck up or something. You see, they would come in when I was in the middle of trying to figure out how one did double disintegration, and a couple of them would come in and start a conversation something like this:

"Hi, Marie, how's the kid?"
"Hullo."
"Say, where you been keeping yourself lately? I never see you round. Are you going to the dance on Friday? Watcha gonna wear? You know, got the cutest little pair of—"

"I don't think I'll go."
"What's wrong? There's sure to be a lot of handsome guys from Hashville in for the dance. And you'll be able to get a good laugh at Johnston. He's always drunk lately. I think he's a bit crazy, you know."

"Why, what's the poor guy been doing?"
"Well, now, I wouldn't like to say anything; but, you know, I saw him trying to sell papers a while ago, for one thing, just before I came in here. You know, they say he's a pretty good salesman, but I don't think so. He was trying to sell one in one of the stores. The guy said he didn't want it, but Pat wouldn't give up. 'Oh, come on, Mickey,' he was saying just like a girl, 'won't you buy one just for me?' I darn near died, and Mike looked disgusted. And he's always fighting—and—he says the awfulest things to me sometimes. He talks about what I did, and there's not a word of truth in what he says, I swear to that. How can he know anything about me? He's never looked at me."

And so things would go. Conversation about dresses and Pat Johnston, who was certainly making a name for myself. But it made me sick.

But I guess things weren't all roses for Marie, either. Of course, she didn't do a thing in school, and went through a lot of ballings out, which she wasn't used to. Apparently, she started to bawl once—and I had never bawled at school since I was seven. Teacher thought I was sick, and sent her home. And, from what she told me, I gathered that she had to smoke all the time, but could hardly stand the smell of it.

Salute to the Dutch

From New York Times
In the battle of the Pacific the role assigned to the Dutch by the Japanese was that of passive victims. The theory was that the Netherlands Indies would be forced to watch the war from the sidelines until their turn came to be overrun. Consequently, neither the ports nor the airfields of the Indies were subjected to the surprise attacks that did so much damage in Malaya, the Philippines and at Pearl Harbor. This was a strategic error on the part of the Japanese. The Dutch air force and navy, both intact, swarmed out like angry bees to carry the war directly to the enemy.

On the first day of the war Dutch pilots flew to Singapore, where they have been valiantly supporting the

British ever since. Dutch submarines entered the Gulf of Siam, where they sent four Japanese transports to the bottom and sank two other ships. When British Sarawak was invaded, it was the Dutch who delivered the counterstroke. Bombs from Dutch flying boats left two Japanese cruisers in flames, sank another transport and damaged several other enemy craft.

Without adequate defenses, Holland itself was overwhelmed last year by the German tide within four days. But the Colonial Dutch, smarting for revenge and preparing methodically, were ready and eager to strike back. The Japanese have found them tough customers.—An editorial in the New York Times.

Tubby Tucks In

By W. T. Cutt

Days of disappointment! I had not seen Tubby for weeks. Despair shoots into hope when his stubby form appears in the wake of two flap-doodle companions, plowing its way to the common room. He wears mufti today, which attire accentuates his adipose form and sluggish movement. Bent forward like a skier in soft snow, he heaves his heavy feet along. The group reaches the far end of the room, and Tubby settles to rest. He opens his lunch, and plumps it on his lap. Right heel elevates on to the common room table, left heel hooks on chair-rail, chair tilts back. Right toe points up and towards him, ringed socks extend to calf, underwear to patella, then trouser-leg wrinkles to its origin. Body bends over lunch, a beautiful

smile beams, sandwich takes up strategic position, and parts separate from the whole with machine-like precision. An animated conversation within the group keeps pace with frenzied chewing, while show-ers of crumbs pop into the air intermittently, as sparks shoots from a dying camp fire.

With reluctance I drag myself away from the common room, almost hearing in imagination some portly Falstaff of the future exclaiming, "We have heard the chiming at midnight, Master Shallow!" And donned the nose-bags at noon. For it is not in the lecture rooms, but in the halls and on the campus, that one acquires that ease and polish which is the hall-mark of University education.

So things went on for a long time, it seemed, and I began to get more hopeful. I began to think that I wouldn't have to bother with my June exams after all. That was Marie Snuggleupski's worry. So I decided to have a really good time while I could.

Thus it was that one night I powdered my nose, put on a little bit of rouge, combed my hair, smoothed down the front of my dress, and went out for a walk round the town. I had been wandering around all by myself for about fifteen minutes when I was greeted by Willie O'Whangle.

"Hello, Marie," he said. "How's the kid?"
"Oh, pretty good. Say, where you bin lately? I never see you no more. Are you two-timing me, or what?"

"I might be," I answered in my most mysterious feminine manner. That got him mad, and he had to do something about it. So then and there he offered to take me into the show. So I decided to go with him, since there was nothing else to do. I had adapted myself to being a woman, so I made the most of it, and wheeled a drink out of him before we went in. It made me laugh, too, how tough he acted in front of me. I knew how he mostly was, you see.

So, just for fun, I said something about Pat Johnston being a nice guy. "Oh, him," he said. "He's the softest guy round here. If he monkeys round with you, I'll knock his block off."

Just then, Marie Louise Snuggleupski came swaggering in through the door, hitching up her pants with one hand and holding a cigarette in the other. She looked real tough, let me tell you. I never knew I looked like that. But there were dark circles under her eyes. She was overdoing it.

I could smell John Begg's—I think



Pygmalion's Picobac spread such a charm above him, That even stone must come alive to love him.

● She is wise who plays her "Galatea" to a man who smokes Picobac. He is sure to be contented. For the pick of Canada's Burley crop is always a mild, cool, sweet smoke. And economical! In fact, to amend R. L. Stevenson, "No woman should marry a man who does not smoke Picobac."

HANDY SEAL-TIGHT POUCH - 15c
½-LB. "LOK-TOP" TIN - 65c
also packed in Pocket Tins

Picobac

"It DOES taste good in a pipe!"

CHAMPIONS

Parcel Delivery
DELIVER
Messages, Parcels
Trunks, etc.

A FAST RELIABLE SERVICE

PHONES

22246 - 22056

DAIRY POOL PRODUCTS

Milk--Cream
Alberta Maid
Butter

Nu Maid Ice Cream
are famous for their
Purity and High Quality

FOR SERVICE, PHONE
28101 - 28102

Northern Alberta
Dairy Pool, Ltd.

The Co-operative Dairy

Everybody's Doing It

Taking Snaps
For Evergreen and Gold

BIG CONTEST NEXT MONTH

U. A. Economics Department To Hold Four Day Course For Co-operative Store Managers

A four-day short course for co-operative store managers and employees will be held at the University on Feb. 24th-27th, under the direction of the Department of Education in co-operation with the Alberta Co-operative Wholesale Association.

The course will be devoted to an intensive and practical discussion of the principles, practices and management of co-operative stores. Special arrangements are being made for full discussion of day-to-day problems. Store managers who have been particularly successful in meeting these problems will lead the discussions.

A tentative draft of the four-day program follows:

Tuesday, February 24th—
9:30-12:00—Meeting of the Alberta Co-operative Wholesale managers.
2:00-4:00—Meeting of the Alberta Co-operative Wholesale managers.

Wednesday, February 25th—
9:00-9:15—Welcome by the President.

9:15-10:00—The Place of Co-Operation in a Changing World. Donald Cameron.

10:00-11:00—Principles of Co-Operation. Sylvan Hillierud.

11:00-12:30—Selling the Co-Operative Idea. D. Gamach, St. Paul.

12:35—Lunch.
2:00-4:00—Seminar and Laboratory Demonstration on Co-Operative Bookkeeping and Accounting. Wm. Robertson.

6:15—Dinner, followed by a short address from Dr. R. Newton.
8:00-10:00—Panel Discussion on Problems of Financing and Credit.

Thursday, February 26—
9:00-10:00—Practical Problems in Merchandising. D. Smeaton.
10:00-11:00—Handling and Selling Bulk Commodities. N. F. Priestley.

11:10-12:30—Consolidating the Co-Operative Movement. Edward Peterson, Wetaskiwin.

12:35—Lunch.
2:00-4:00—Seminar Discussion on Co-operative Financing. J. Russell Love.

6:15—Dinner.
7:30—Film and Sing-song.
8:00-10:00—Panel Discussion on Financing and Credit Problems.

Friday, February 27th—
9:00-10:00—Co-operative Education and Program Planning. Sylvan Hillierud.

10:00-11:00—Co-operation in the Community. Donald Cameron.

11:10-11:45—The Spirit of Co-Operation. Wm. E. Halsall, Killam.

11:45-12:30—Government Reports: C. D. Denney.

12:35—Lunch.

2:00-4:00—Panel Discussion on Essentials of Successful Store Operation: (1) Mechanics of Operation, David Smeaton; (2) Display Features, Herbert Chandler; (3) The Personal Element, Joe Armstrong; (4) Public Relations, Donald Cameron.
6:15—Dinner. Speaker: Hon. E. C. Manning.

Cylinder Service

By D. A.

It is an ancient Mariner
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The pale greenish-blue eyes of a land lubber, Mr. Evenson, the motor mechanics instructor to a group of Wauneta War Workers from the University, glitter across the chalk-white-walled lecture room of an over-town garage. Every Tuesday evening the girls meet in this room below the ground for a three-hour class.

A sharp Pharaoh-faced profile, abrupt shoulders, Mr. Evenson's six feet of height is folded as he sits before a table, facing a circle of twelve green-smocked girls. Clean automobile parts such as the fuel pump, the gauge, filler pipe, nuts and steel lock washers are spread out, ready. With an orderly mind, he first points out the position of the gas tank in cars and in trucks, then the care of the tank, before taking the fuel tank apart to detail the action of its parts. From time to time he hands out the metal sections to the watching circle.

Theory finished for the night, the practical period begins in an adjoining heated garage repair room. The instructor stands close to a jacked-up car, watching while, under the hood, co-eds change summer to winter settings on the carburetor by adjusting screws, test spark plugs, take off a tire to adjust brakes on the enclosed shoe. As he reaches nearer the engine to help one of the

students turn a tight bolt with a handy little wrench, the bright repair room light reveals his hairy arm, bared past the cuff of the pale yellow mechanic's uniform. Faint red tracings are now visible on his grey tweed suit, and the strong light emphasizes the gaudy Christmas colors of his tie, against a sallow face. Eyes still glitter brightly. Presently he takes the group aside to show them patched tires, and explain the difference of red and black patches according to cut, on inner tubes.

When it is time for the class to break up, the instructor mentions that it is still early, seeming loath for the girls to leave. So, back in the lecture-room, co-eds drop into chairs to watch pictures cast on a screen and accompanied by a sound record describing the mechanics' work with Ford cars.

During the first World War, Mr. Evenson taught car serving and minor repair jobs to classes of girls in England. He teaches his trade to co-eds in the present World War. From his capable hands to inscrutable face, a quiet manner marks this massive man. For a few hours he is pawns in his play, spellbound, under the glittering eye.

Music Club To Hear Miss Makar

An all Brahms program will be presented by the University Musical Club at St. Stephen's College Auditorium on Sunday, Jan. 18, at 9 p.m. The featured guest artist will be Mary Makar, violinist, of Calgary, a former student of the University, who will play a Brahms sonata accompanied by Miss Jean Eveleigh. A detailed program will appear in Friday's Gateway.

anti-social studies

by K. Young

Now, children, put down your pencils and listen quietly. Today in social studies we are going to learn about a small and almost unknown town located 'way up in the frozen north. The name of this town is Edmonton; it is situated in the kingdom of Al-ta, just about seven hitch-hikes from Cal-gary, the principal city. You may wonder why we should have to learn about such an insignificant place, but it is interesting to study the manners and customs of a less civilized culture.

In this drowsy little community, the chief occupation of the 800 humble villagers is the raising of cabbages and the fleecing of students who, through ignorance or weakness of will, attend a University located near the foot of the river. These fleeces are spun by the women into beautiful wollen goods, which add gaiety to the dark furs worn as protection against the severe cold. The hides are from animals which have been tamed and allowed to wander through the streets. Lions, Elks, Moose, and even Polar Bears are quite common, and after a while the traveller becomes used to them. . . . Yes, Johnnie, they have even been known to vote. I imagine it is because of a scarcity of other voters: I recently read that the villagers are most unenthusiastic during election time.

Now, the life of the people is very simple. They enjoy their plain diet of cabbage and bread, with the occasional treat of fresh fruit sent up from the milder climate of Cal-gary. Though not at all good at sports, they enthusiastically support their local teams, and even cheer hockey and football players kindly lent by other parts of the kingdom. Other recreations include roller-skating

and Sunday afternoon trips to the neighboring watering-place of St. Albert.

By nature the people are friendly and kind. The young women whose mothers can cook are very popular with the men attending the University. On the other hand, the Edmontonians with cars have a decided advantage with co-eds. Only now and then a meanness of disposition breaks forth, which necessitates the presence of the disciplinary influence of the government of Al-ta. However, the king and his chief councillors spend as little time as possible in Edmonton, and retire to the warmer south and the busy atmosphere of the city whenever they can.

Now, children, we must not condemn these people or the uncivilized life they lead. After all, the aim of education is to make us all broad-minded, and I hope that when you get to the University some day, none of you will be accused of being prejudiced. It is a good thing to pity those less fortunate than ourselves, but it is very wise to be discreet in airing our views on the subject.

And now, if you will take out your mathematics text, we will do the fourth question on page 89: Add 39 lions, 49 eels, 94 moose, 3 polar bears—and how many Edmontonians are there?

LADIES!

There is a war on. Save your silk hosiery by sending 10 cents and stamped self-addressed envelope for formula to prevent runs, to

MISS HARRIET
10716 80th Avenue

What a Headache!

By L.B.G.

Breakfast: "Lord, what a night! Did I make much noise coming in?" Artificially curly-haired head bends over the cereal. "Could that babe ever drink! The two of us killed a fourteen between twelve and two this morning."

Bloodshot eyes, growing more bloodshot, search the faces of the tablemates. Not even the freshman seems to care what this fellow did last night. No exclamations.

Foul breath cools the cup of coffee. "D'you think I should skip my eight and get an ice-pack from the kitchen?"

No sympathy from the table.

* * *

At lunch: "Hey, Al, how much did you say it costs for a medium crock of F.O.B.?"

Still no rise from the freshman.

Intent eating.

Again: "Who's the House Committee on our corridor? Here's hoping he doesn't slap a fine on me for last night, 'cause I've got just enough money for tonight."

At last, someone asks where he is going tonight, and the fellow is happy at having attracted some attention.

* * *

At supper: "What's the name of that frat on 88th? . . . anyway, a guy from it and me are going to a spread at the Barracks tonight. So, to hell with Poly Ec."

Uninterested silence.

"This is the deadead joint I've ever been in. No excitement. Nothing."

More silence.

The flashy suit saunters out.

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

SPORTING GOODS
Trunks, Bags, Suit Cases, Musical Instruments
All Moderately Priced
UNCLE BEN'S EXCHANGE
Located near Rialto Theatre
Estab. 1912 Phone 22057

We Sincerely Believe
Staber's PROT-N-IZED
CREAM PERMANENT
To be as Fine a Wave as Money Can Buy

Rich, creamy tonic oils steamed directly into the hair. Positively permeates all types and textures of hair. Makes hair easy to set. Now offered at

TWO LOW PRICES
\$2.00 & \$2.95
Complete—No Extras
WHY PAY MORE?

A BEAUTY SPECIAL
Hollywood Luxury Oil Shampoo and Personality Finger Wave
Oil Manicure, 25c

Staber's FOR BEAUTY
No Appointment Necessary
10047 101A Ave.

Med-Pharm-Dents to Play Ag-Com-Laws Hyphenated Teams

With the top slot in the league standing being shared by the Med-Pharm-Dent and Ag-Com-Law, there should be quite a lot of action tonight when the four teams in the interfac league go into action. If the Ags win and Med-Pharm-Dents lose, then the A-C-L club will be on top once again, but if they should lose and the M-P-Ds win, then it will be those Meds who will be ruling the roost for the first time this season.

The league's disappointment package, the Arts, are showing signs now of not being so disappointing. They have a fine club, but were not able to start rolling until their last game, when they held the Engineers to a 4-4 tie. In fact, they have won that game, but a closing rally by the Engineers, which the Arts could not hold off, resulted in the tie.

In the second game played last week, the Meds-Pharm-Dents went into a tie with the former league leaders, Ag-Com-Law, when they soundly defeated the latter by an overwhelming score. The Meds look like a threat for the league championship, and their performance against the Aggies bear that out. It is to be remembered that the Ags were short-handed and minus a couple of star performers in that game, so the Ag fans need not despair because of the licking their team took.

The Arts meet the Ag-Com-Law sextet tonight, and both squads will be battling for a win. The Ags to take over the leadership and the Arts for their first win of the season will be the stakes when the clubs meet tonight at 9:15.

The first game sees the Meds tangle with the Engineers. This game should produce plenty of fireworks. Engineers are in third place, and a win over their rivals will put them in a tie with the Medicine men. The Engineers had better concentrate on big Bruce Mackay tonight

Yearbook Sponsors Contest

Evergreen and Gold is sponsoring a contest for the best snap or group of snaps of campus life handed in on or before the end of February. The object of this contest isn't to get just one or two good photos—it's to get a lot! We want shots of your friends, close-ups if you can get them, taken in Tuck, at a dance, in a lecture, asleep—anywhere, so long as they pack a punch and will be of interest to U. of A. guys and gals. Even if you don't win the prize or don't think you have a chance, send in your pictures anyway—because we need them. The year book is handicapped this year in not having an official photo—so like Prairie Wolf of the Calgary Herald, we have to "depend on our friends." "You take 'em, we'll print 'em" is our motto this year. So dust off your old Brownie today and snap a few for Evergreen and Gold. Remember, only a month or so to go and there may be a year book in it for you.

if they expect to win. The "big boy" has been going large the last two games. If they silence him, they should do all right by themselves. The Engineers have a smooth club, and they boast the best goalie in the league. One would not be surprised to see them start climbing in the league race any time now.

There was some doubt whether ice would be good enough to play on, but with the weather a little cooler, the ice may tighten up. So until further notice, the games will be played tonight as scheduled.

The first game will start at 7:15 p.m., with the second to get under way at 8:45 p.m.

Ags, Engineers Both Undefeated Hoopster Teams

Two first-class basketball games were the opening feature of interfac sports for the last term. The result of the games left Engineers and Ags as the only two undefeated teams in the league, although Engineers have a slight lead over the Ags, by having played one more game.

The most discerning event of the evening happened to the Pharmacy club. With true sportsmanlike gesture they, on finding their opponents a man short to field a team, generously gave a pair of snappy ball dribblers to the Engineers. The Engineers used these men to good advantage by soundly trouncing the Pharms 24-8. Don't ever talk to the Pharmacy about turning the other cheek.

The Dents-Arts game was a fine exhibition of interfac basketball. It seems none of the boys suffered any ill effects from the long dissipation of the holidays, but had actually improved. The score, 33-32 in favor of Dents, indicate a snappy, fast game to the last minute. Warshawski was top man for the Dents, garnering 16 points. Kelly paced the Arts with 12. Fine games were turned in by Eastwood, Walkey, Fergie and Lutsky.

The Eng-Pharm game was a lopsided game from the first quarter on. It looked at half-time that the Pharms would be able to hold their own, but the Engineers returned after the breather to turn in 17 points to Pharms 4.

Lineups:
Arts—Miller 2, Fergie 6, Provenzano 2, Kelly 12, Olsen, Lutsky 6, McCutcheon, Kasper, Hislop, Total 32.
Dents—Nikiforuk 2, Warshawski 16, Walker 6, Eastwood 8, Dickson, Warren, Blackmore 1, Short, Walhovd, Total 33.

Pharmacy—Taylor, McKay 2, Geehan, Crisafio 6, Chornleky, Graham, Wellman, O'Neil, Total 8.

Engineers—Bernstein 4, Chizen 2, Manifold 11, Gibson 7, Riddell, Penley, Total 24.

Officials—Elefthery and Larue.

Newman Club Plans Dance

A semi-formal dance will be held by the Newman Club on Friday, Jan. 23rd, in St. Joseph's College. Varsity's own musician, "Chef" Lam-bertson, will play with his men for the affair, which promises to be a real one. Tickets for the dance are priced at \$1.50. Anyone is welcome to attend. Tickets are obtainable from Gerrie Cope, Therese Beauchemin, or Betty Featherstonhaugh.

Thursday evening at 8:00 p.m. a meeting of the club members will be held in St. Joseph's auditorium to discuss business questions and dance arrangements, followed by several forms of entertainment and refreshments.

A meeting of members of the University Physics Club will take place on Thursday, Jan. 15th, in Room 111 of the Arts building at 7:15 p.m. The speaker at the meeting will be Mr. J. T. Flynn, and his subject will be "Radio Aids to Navigation." Anyone who might find such a topic interesting is urged to turn out for the meeting. No charge will be made.

Golden Bears to Meet Y-Amis Thurs. Night Athabasca Gym. First Game of the New Year

Students Urged to Attend

KIRKPATRICK IS BIG THREAT TO THE BEARS

Several Other Games Arranged

Playing their first game of the New Year, and initiating the number of games which will serve as conditioners for the oncoming series with Saskatchewan, the Golden Bears meet the Y-Amis in a senior basketball fixture at Garneau gym, Thursday evening. The game will get under way promptly at 8:30.

(Editor's Note: The Golden Bears are our basketball team; they represent this student body. Is this University going to show less interest, less spirit than any other University in Western Canada? The Bears are playing in Athabasca gymnasium in our own neighborhood. There are comfortable seats. Support your team, turn out and watch the Bears! The series with Saskatchewan is only two weeks away.)

Nobody on this campus underestimated the strength of the Y-Amis, as fine a collection of basketball stars as Edmonton can muster. To date, the Amis have won all games, and they have every intention of continuing that record at the expense of the Bears. A glance at the files reveals that the Bears and Y-Amis played twice last year, Amis dropping the first game 45-36, but coming through to win the second 28-25.

Their attack will be led by two outstanding hoopers, Balfour Kirkpatrick and Reg Robertson. Kirkpatrick should need no introduction to local basketball fans. Standing 6ft. 6in., he uses all that height to best advantage at centre, and has a regular habit of coming through as high scorer for his team. He played for Saskatchewan's Huskies as far back as 1933, a teammate of Jim Pantom, Director of Physical Education here last year. The Saskatchewan team of '33 rolled up amazing scores against numerous opponents. Two years ago Kirkpatrick was down in New York, and deep in basketball with New York State Teachers' College. New York is one of the hottest spots in the basketball circuits of the States, a country that takes its basketball seriously.

Last year, Kirkpatrick was with the Y-Amis, and was high scorer for his team in its two fixtures with the Bears. Reg Robertson, too, has a long and outstanding career as a hooper. He is in charge of the team, and has produced a strong aggregation, which features the cream of the local basketball crop. Against this, Coach Fritz pits his Bears, undefeated so far. The Bears this year are a steady team, of smoothly combining players, and have turned in creditable performances. The lineups will be unchanged, such old stalwarts as Anderson, Elefthery and Sheekter will be out rolling up points in their usual style. The team may be bolstered by the addition of Taylor, a tall student with a deal of ability, who has been unable to turn out so far.

The game is a natural for the Bears. They will have an opportunity to develop their play and defenses against a better aggregation, an experience that should prove valuable. Several other games have been arranged and will be played in the near future. The Bears are due to meet Normal in two games and the R.C.A.F. in another.

Fish live in water and breathe it, but never drink it. They get enough moisture in their food.

Fraternities!

Order your

PLEDGE PINS
INITIATION BADGES
and
JEWELLED PINS

from

HENRY BIRKS & SONS
(Western) Ltd.
Agents for Balfour in Canada

You will appreciate the pleasant atmosphere and finer service at
The Corona Hotel Dining Room
For Reservations Phone 27106

THE PURPLE LANTERN
CHINESE CUISINE IN AN ORIENTAL ATMOSPHERE
BANQUET ACCOMMODATION

THEATRE DIRECTORY

ODEON THEATRES

RIALTO, now playing until Friday—"Bedtime Story," starring Frederick March and Loretta Young.

VARSCONA, for three days starting today—"Four Sons," starring Don Ameche with Mary Beth Hughes, and "Too Many Girls" with Francis Langford.

AVENUE, for three days starting today—"Maryland" with Walter Brennan, and "The Wagons Roll at Night," starring Sylvia Sydney.

ROXY, for three days starting today—"Virginia" with Madeleine Carroll and Fred McMurray, and "For Beauty's Sake," starring Ned Sparks.

FAMOUS PLAYERS

CAPITOL, now showing—"Here Comes Mr. Jordan," with Robert Montgomery. Coming Wed., Thurs., Fri.—Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas and Joan Bennett in "Two-Faced Woman."

STRAND, Jan. 13, 14, 15, Tues., Wed., Thurs.—Carmen Miranda, Alice Faye and Don Ameche in "That Night in Rio," and Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

PRINCESS, Wed., Thurs.—"So Ends Our Night," with Fredric March, Margaret Sullivan and Frances Dee; also "You're the One" with Bonnie Baker and Oram Tucker and Orchestra and Jerry Colona. Coming Fri., Sat.—"Dive Bomber" with Errol Flynn, Fred McMurray and Ralph Bellamy; also Selected Shorts.

GARNEAU, coming Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" with Spencer Tracy; also Joe E. Brown in "Flirting With Fate." Coming Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Lady Be Good" and "Meet Boston Blacky."

EMPRESS, now showing—"Unexpected Uncle" with Anne Shirley, James Craig and Charles Coburn; added feature, "Week End for Three" with a galaxy of stars. Coming Fri.—Joe Louis and Buddy Bear Fight Pictures.

Where? Why? When?

These are the questions the Year Book staff are asking about executive forms from the following dilatory clubs:

M.A.B.,
W.A.B.,
B.Sc. Nurses' Club,
Literary Association.

Complete and Return Now!!